

MARBLE HILL PRESS.

Vol. 15.

Marble Hill, Missouri, Thursday, January 23, 1896.

No. 38.

THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

I shall not rail at fortune or at fate
While in the dark or light
I hear a footstep pattering to the gate
That closes on the night.
But for those little feet
Each pathway shall be sweet—
The sad storms rimmed with rainbows where
The paths of angels meet!

I shall not rail at fortune or at fate
While still I feel the beat
Of her glad heart, and in life's twilight late
Her rosy lips and sweet!
Lovely as still thou art,
Rest on my heart, sweetheart!
Till God's white angel smiling kiss lips and
Lives apart!

I shall not rail at fortune or at fate
While still I feel the beat
Of her glad heart, and in life's twilight late
Her rosy lips and sweet!
Lovely as still thou art,
Rest on my heart, sweetheart!
Till God's white angel smiling kiss lips and
Lives apart!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

CAPE GIRARDEAU.

Do you know how much good the weekly visits of *THE PRESS* does a fellow away from home? It is about like I imagine it is for a fellow to get a letter from his best girl.

Your Cape correspondent has been on the sick list since his last communication.

President Vandiver went down to Doniphan last Saturday to meet with and lecture to the Ripley county teachers.

The Normal literary societies are having their halls nicely furnished and will soon have them ready.

The Sorosis society recently gave a birthday party at the residence of Leon J. Albert, which netted them about \$60 for furnishing their hall. Each person attending was expected to bring as many cents as they had had birthdays, in a little sack sent with the invitation.

This is the regular examination week and closing week of the second term. A number of new students are expected next term, which begins Jan. 28.

A military company composed of Normal students is being organized under the direction of Mr. McKnight, a Normal student, who served six years in the U. S. army. Attention had better turn her whole attention to Germany now, and leave the United States, Venezuela, and the Monroe doctrine alone.

Tom Burton, whose home was on Hurricane creek, about five miles north of Marble Hill, met with an accident on the 7th inst. which cost him his life. He commenced work on Monday morning on the Brownwood branch of the Cape railroad. Tuesday morning, while attempting to couple a car to the engine, he was thrown under the wheels of the engine and badly mangled. He was brought to the hospital in this city and his injuries were looked after and one leg amputated by Drs. Blomeyer and Harris, assisted by Dr. Rider. The young man's father and mother came down to care for him, but one day last week he died and was taken back to his Bollinger county home to be buried. He was about 22 or 23 years of age.

JAY A. ELL.

LAFIN.

After a long absence I am again on deck with a few items.

B. F. Snider, one of Laffin's merchants, will ship a car load of hogs to St. Louis to-day.

The stove factory at this place is running on full time now, and the farmers are crowding the yard with fine bolts.

I understand that Mr. Wann contemplates building a flour mill here in the near future. That is right, Uncle John, for this is the best point in southeast Missouri for an enterprise of that kind. The people should look to their interests and assist Mr. Wann in every way they can.

I understand that the box supper at Thornburg schoolhouse was a success in every particular.

Wonder what has become of our

spouty correspondent to the Banner from Laffin? His clamshell seems to be entirely sealed. Let me hear from you occasionally, my brother. If you can't talk make signs.

James Brown, our photographer at this place, is turning out some of the best work I have seen in this county. Everybody should see him and get their shadows before the substance fades.

Esquire Winters is still hopping counters for W. J. Looney.

Fat hogs are still bringing 3 cents per pound, gross.

Business in this city has been quite dull for the past week.

Ed Stevens, our hustling young stock dealer, went to Bloomfield to-day to look for fat hogs. Look out, boys, don't sell your hogs too clean; you may have to pay 15 cents for bacon next summer. JAY L. SEE.

HAHN.

Hope I am on time again this week.

Miss Clara Davis of Fredericktown is visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Mr. Douglass died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Revelle, last Friday evening, leaving many friends and relatives to mourn his loss. He was buried at 3 p. m. Sunday.

Enoch Shell is making guns now, and Good ones, at that.

Several of the boys of this neighborhood were attracted to Scheperville last week by a charivari.

Isaac Murray is making a lot of improvements about his house.

John Cobbel is strictly in the horse trading business.

Andrew Long and Dan Shell have killed their dogs on account of hydrophobia.

John Gunge is very sick this week. He is our blacksmith, and everybody wants him to get well soon.

Isaac Sturgeon had a narrow escape from a serious accident the other day. He was putting a culvert in the road when his chain broke, throwing him backward and nearly fracturing his skull.

Joseph Dehls has been working for John Fry.

John I. reported sick last week and recovering.

Tony Devore of Crooked creek was visiting his sister, Mrs. Jennie Dehls, this week.

Big Pete continues to be a very lonesome, disconsolate cuss. Won't some girl take pity on him?

A newfangled entertainment, a rail splitting, is to come off Friday, and everybody is invited.

May *THE PRESS* continue in the enjoyment of its evident prosperity. UNO.

PATTON.

News is not very plenty this week, but I will try to pen a few items from this place and the surrounding country.

Rev. Stephen Yount preached an able sermon at Post-Oak chapel last Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. His subject was "The Final Destiny of Man and the Everlasting Punishment of the Wicked."

I understand that Joseph Hicks is going to reply to Mr. Yount next Sunday and that he says he means to produce bible proof that the punishment of the wicked is not to be everlasting and that death and sheol shall be burned up and wiped out of existence.

B. E. Masters of Marble Hill was visiting here last Sunday.

Henry Nugent of Fredericktown was here on business a few days last week.

Little Charley, son of Samuel Swindell, died of diphtheria last week. The parents have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.

J. M. Knowles got one hand caught in a close place at the saw-mill the other day and came near losing a finger or two.

With best wishes for *THE PRESS*, PATTONITE.

A TERRIBLE RECORD.

More than a million of men, women and children die yearly in India from starvation. —London Sketch.

SEDGEWICKVILLE.

Well, this is fine weather for January, is it not?

The drummers seem to be on the stir again.

T. B. Drum visited his father, near Daisy, last Sunday.

John W. Trickey and family visited friends and relatives near Oak Ridge last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Cora Harris and cousin, Miss Nettie Hope, visited friends and relatives here a few days ago.

The young folks of this place enjoyed themselves at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jacob last Friday night.

While on his way from Neely's landing with a load of goods for T. B. Drum, last Wednesday, R. L. Fulbright happened with a serious accident which will probably lay him up for several months. He had got off the wagon to walk up a hill, hanging the lines on the brake. The horses took fright and started to run away. Mr. Fulbright, in his effort to wheel the horses, fell and the hind wheel of the wagon passed over his foot and ankle, mashing them severely. The team was stopped by a man living near, who assisted Mr. Fulbright to the wagon, and he drove the team home. No other damage was done.

CLOSE OBSERVER.

GLEN ALLEN.

J. A. Taylor has a sick child, but I have been informed that it is getting better.

The M. E. church south is holding a protracted meeting this week and may continue service for some time if the interest manifested justifies it.

H. F. Rhodes, Henry Myrick and J. A. Berry attended the meeting of the I. O. O. F. lodge at Lutesville Saturday evening. They report a good time.

George Kurpe of Lutesville attended church here Monday evening.

The literary society at Flatwoods is booming. Flatwoods can boast of several promising orators.

Oscar Keen, store keeper and gauger for Zimmerman & Myrick, took the initiatory degree in the Lutesville lodge, I. O. O. F.

N. P. Pile has been at home on the sick parole for several days. I have not learned whether he has returned to work or not.

Mr. Estel, a traveling salesman, was here Monday evening, drumming as persistently as ever.

J. A. Berry is reading "Pickwick Papers" and seems to be enjoying the fun immensely.

Died—Friday morning, a small child of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bagby. Everybody seems to be affected more or less by bad colds.

Nature has smiled on us, so far, in that we have a very mild winter. Ed Walls is loading a car with oak lumber, preparatory to shipment.

Mr. Becket of Farmington was here taking negatives. He did a paying business. Jesse Crader is ready for work. If you want any kind of work done in his line give him a call. Glen Allen can boast of two blacksmith shops.

I hope the "old man" will excuse me for being late and brief. PET, JR.

A DIPLOMAT.

"Now, George, do you gamble?" The question came low.

And distinct, that he might understand.

"No, Ethel, I don't; but I ought to just now, for I'm holding a beautiful hand."

'Twas a triumph of genius, it can't be denied, by mortals but rarely possessed.

She quietly gathered her sleeves to one side and wilted away on his breast.

The Wear murder case is on trial at Poplar Bluff, Judge Riley presiding. W. E. Renfro, prosecuting attorney of Butler, and Attorney General R. F. Walker of Jefferson City are representing the state and Judas Dinning and Cox and H. N. Phillips the defense. All motions for change of venue, etc., were overruled and at latest report prisoners' attorneys had been given time to prepare a plea in bar.

Germany's Celebration.

Anniversary celebrations frequent in Germany, and in the last year there have been several events of the kind, giving the national life much the air of a prolonged fete. But few of these anniversaries could be more fittingly made the occasion of a celebration than that of the unification of the German empire twenty-five years ago.

The tremendous advances which Germany has made in the last quarter of a century date from the hour when the states of the German confederation made formal agreement to become an empire. The brilliant diplomacy by which Bismark has brought them into bonds of common interest as against the other powers of Europe marks one of the most important political works of the century, just as the act of unification marks one of the most momentous and significant influences brought into the life of Europe. The Germans would be strangely forgetful if they did not observe the anniversary. It is the birthday of the new Germany and the starting point for the various movements which have made the empire so great a factor in modern affairs.

Fittingly enough, too, the kaiser made use of the occasion to repeat his familiar pacific expressions. On the day devoted to showing the power of Germany he speaks for the continuance of peace, just as on days when military evolutions are in progress he deprecates efforts to embroil Europe in war. But his words at the present time of war scares and animosities are fitting, timely and possibly influential.

BOBBY'S COMPOSITION ON PARENTS.

Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of pas and mas. Pas talk a great deal about what they are going to do, but mostly his mas that make you mind, quotes Harper's Mas Table.

Sometimes it is different, though. Once there was a boy came home from college on vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on a farm always has to be done early in the morning. This boy didn't get up. His sister goes to the stairway and calls: "Willie, 'tis a beautiful morning. Rise and listen to the lark." The boy didn't say anything. Then his ma called: "William, it is time to get up. Your breakfast is growing cold." The boy kept right on not saying anything. Then his pa puts his head in the stairway, and says he: "Bill!" "Coming, sir!" says the boy.

I know a boy that hasn't got any parents. He goes in swimming whenever he pleases. But I am going to stick to my parents.

However, I don't tell them so, 'cause they might get it into their heads that I couldn't get along without them.

Says this boy to me: "Parents are a nuisance: they aren't what they're cracked up to be." Says I to him: "Just the same, I find 'em handy to have. Parents have their failings, of course, like all of us, but, on the whole, I approve of 'em."

Once a man says to me, "Bobby, do you love your parents?" "Well," says I, "I am not a quarrelsome with 'em."

Once a boy at boarding school went to calling his pa the governor and got his allowance cut down one-half. His pa said he ought to have waited till he was going to college.

Much more might be written about parents, showing their habits and so forth, but I will leave the task to abler pens.

IT IS ALWAYS THAT WAY.

"John, you have been drinking." The words fell cruelly upon the blushing man's senses. They were true. He could not deny them. And yet he wondered. On top of that little drink he had carefully placed one glass of ice water, two olives, three crackers, a liberal portion of cheese, two cloves, six grains of coffee, three spices, one soda mint, and in addition thereto he had smoked a cigar. He could only turn his head sadly away and say: "What's the good of anything?" —Judge.

LIKE A CHILD.

Creditor (roughly)—Say, what are you going to pay me that bill?

Debtor (genially)—My friend, you put me in mind of a little child.

Creditor—I do, do I?

Debtor—Because a little child can ask questions that the wisest men cannot answer.

Photography Cures Drinking.

Photography, which was at first employed merely for the purpose of making portraits, has greatly broadened its field of usefulness. It is now used as an adjunct to many of the arts and sciences. In engraving it is indispensable. In astronomy it has been of enormous assistance. In surgery it has filled a want long felt. Its very latest use is in the line of temperance. Properly contrived photography may be a more successful agent in the suppression of the liquor habit than the most eloquent prohibition orator that ever drew a breath, says the New York World. This important discovery of the new application of photography came about as follows.

A woman in Salemville, Pa., who had suffered great distress for years on account of her husband's convivial habits, determined at last that he should know how he looked when he was drunk. She felt that this would be a disagreeable revelation, for, like most men who drink to excess, he never appeared to think that he looked any worse than other men.

So once when he came home under the influence of more liquor than was absolutely necessary, and fell into a maudlin slumber, she sent for a photographer and ordered him to take a picture of her husband as he sat in his chair. This the photographer did faithfully, and the picture was a great success, being an excellent likeness.

Next morning the husband found the photograph lying beside his plate at the breakfast table. There was no need of explanation, for it explained itself. He studied it long and hard and then placed it in his breast pocket.

Since then he has not taken a drink.

The World's Rivers.

The Tigris is 1150 miles long.

The Tiber is only 230 miles long.

The world-famous Orontes is only 240 miles long.

The Zambeze, in South Africa, is 1800 miles in length.

Slow rivers flow at the rate of three to seven miles an hour.

Twelve creeks in the United States bear the name of the Rhine.

Every ancient city of note was located on or near the sea or a river.

The Hudson river, from its mouth to the lakes, is 400 miles in length.

For over 1200 miles the Nile does not receive a single tributary stream.

The Ganges is 1570 miles long and drains an area of 750,000 square miles.

The Mississippi and its tributaries drain an area of 2,000,000 square miles.

The branches of the Mississippi have an aggregate length of 15,000 miles.

In islands of too small a size to have rivers creeks are dignified by that name.

The Irtysh, in Siberia, is 2200 miles in length, and drains 600,000 miles of territory.

The most extensive protective river works in Europe are at the mouth of the Danube.

Love is the soul of true politeness.

Antagonism appalls the timid and inspires the brave.

To some natures every opportunity to do evil is an overpowering temptation.

The highest degree of moral culture is reached when one can hear the whisper of his own conscience above the clamor of a thousand tongues.

The world conforms to every man's thought.

The cold and suspicious will meet nothing but selfishness and deceit; but he that takes humanity to his heart will find it faithful.

Large prairie fires are raging in the western part of Kansas and the people are panic-stricken.

Missouri is fairly luxuriating in hog and hominy.